

Fool

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Summary: It was rare for Jihoon to space out like that. Something caught himâ€”a smell of ginger coming out from a very tall guyâ€”and now he's lost. He cursed himself for being such a fool, but then he started to realize that it's not such a bad thing after all.

SEVENTEEN: Woozi, Mingyu, Jeonghan, Wonwoo, Jun, Joshua, Hoshi.

Featuring JiGyu/GyuHun, Minghan, Meanie, WonHui, JiHan, SoonHoon.

Fool

Notes:

****SEVENTEEN. ****

****Characters: Lee Jihoon/Woozi, Kim Mingyu, Yoon Jeonghan, Jeon Wonwoo, Wen Junhui, Hong Jisoo, Kwon Soonyoung.****

****Pairings: Jihoon/Mingyu, Mingyu/Jeonghan, Mingyu/Wonwoo, Wonwoo/Jun, Jihoon/Soonyoung, Jisoo/Jeonghan****

This all started when my friend passed me a prompt which says "I was walking behind this guy with nice smelling cologne for a while then realized I was lost." (I have no idea where my friend got that prompt)

Woozi was the first member that came to my mind when I read that prompt so I'm starting this with a chapter focused on Woozi.

Then I came up with this crazy idea that involves so many relationships (romantic and not). So each chapter might feature different main characters.

Also inspired by a song called "Fool" from Yoga Lin. _"Being a fool would be so wonderful. I don't understand and don't need to understand. Just let me be this way until I grow old."_ (English translation from asianpopweekly)

Crossposted from AO3 because I want to meet new readers and fellow *ehem*passengers in the bus to Diamond hell*ehem* fans.

* * *

><p>Ginger

"_Where am I?"_

Jihoon looked around but recognized nothing. He was standing on the side of a road, in front of a curry restaurant. He stood at the very end of the building, careful to not block the entrance of the small restaurant. His large red backpack still attached on his back, while his dark green duffel bag is on the ground right next to his feet.

Winter has yet to come, but the coldness has started to creep in. Jihoon wore a thin long-sleeve shirt and a trainer. It would do just fine in the south, but definitely not here. He should've changed into more suitable clothes before coming here.

The street in front of him was filled with people. Some men and women in suits, walking fast with a suitcase at one hand and a phone at the other. Some teenagers in their uniforms, walking in groups and chatting excitedly. Mothers with shopping bags full of groceries. Each one of them looked as if they were in their own worlds. Worlds unfamiliar to Jihoon.

Jihoon looked to his right, to where the street went on and on until it disappeared into a crowd of tall buildings. It was also the direction which that ginger guy went.

Jihoon has just got off from the bus when he saw the ginger guy. Well, to be exact, when he smelled the ginger guy. It was like an automatic reaction. His feet moved towards the guy and he ended up following him.

The ginger guy was big. Jihoon's head barely reach the guy's shoulders. Jihoon might be small with 164 cm height, but he didn't think that he was that small. He's just normal and the ginger guy was just too big. Jihoon had to lift his head to see the guy's head, with brown hair cut short enough to reveal the back of his neck and his ears.

So there was Jihoon. Following some stranger with a giant body, brown hair, and aroma of ginger.

That was until Jihoon bumped into someone and fell to the ground. By the time he got up, the ginger guy was gone.

Now Jihoon was left in an unknown street in a new town. Standing with all of his belongings in front of a curry restaurant, slightly shivering from the cold. As he let out a sigh, he made a mental note to himself to not space out and follow some stranger anymore. It was weird though. Jihoon was the type that thinks thoroughly before doing something, not one who acts on impulse.

Maybe it's because of that smell. The smell that makes him feel so comfortable. The smell of home.

Jihoon quickly kicked out the thought from his head. He had left home to come here, and he won't go back until he reaches his goals. He should get used to being faraway from his home until then. Getting all sentimental and nostalgic won't help.

With that in mind, Jihoon took his duffel bag and went back to the street. After a while he found another bus stop on the left side. There should be a map of the area. Jihoon decided to take a look and see if he can find his way. But before reaching the bus stop, he bumped into someone again.

This time Jihoon landed right on his butt. His hand were on his back as his body tried to protect himself from the fall. A bad move, since it might hurt his hands, a situation Jihoon would want to avoid at all cost. Thankfully, his large red backpack was there to provide soft landing and prevent his hands to hit the ground.

Not again. Jihoon mocked himself for the third time today. Who gets bumped and fall to the ground twice in a day, really?

He was trying to get up, but his legs could barely handle the weight of his body plus his backpack, so he almost fall again. He didn't though, because there are hands on his waist, stopping him from falling back and helped him steady himself.

Jihoon looked in front of him and saw a pair of brown eyes. Above them were thick brows with neat edges. The nose has prominent bridge and match perfectly with his face. He has high cheekbones, which shows cute little plumps as his lips curved upward. In between his soft looking lips were almost perfectly lined teeth with prominent canines. Somehow his face reminded Jihoon of a giant puppy.

"Are you okay?"

Jihoon heard him, but he wasn't listening. His mind was preoccupied with what he saw and smelled.

He smelled home.

* * *

><p>"Jihoon!"<p>

The owner of the voice was at the other end of the hall, but you can hear him clearly. Jihoon knew that he didn't raise his voice on purpose. It was just his usual volume.

The guy who called his name was walking towards him, arms waving excitedly. Jihoon's lips lifted up as he got closer.

Suddenly Jihoon felt someone hugging him from behind. Lanky arms dangling from his shoulders to the front of his body, and a chin pressed against his head. Jihoon didn't bother to look behind and launched a jab with his elbow, earning a small groan.

"Jun-hyung, where's Wonwoo-hyung and Jeonghan-hyung?" The guy in front of Jihoon asked.

"They already secured us a table. Did you forget, Mingyu? Today Aunt

Hani is having a special. We won't have anywhere to sit if we don't hurry." An answer came from behind Jihoon.

"Oh yeah! Awesome! Alrighty, let's go!"

Mingyu's cheer made people around them startled, but both Mingyu and Jun didn't seem to notice. They walked side by side, arms around each other's shoulders, their long legs swaying as they hop their way to the cafeteria.

Jihoon laughed silently as he followed them.

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><p>When they arrived at the cafeteria, it was already filled with hungry students. With 180-or-so centimeters, Mingyu and Junhui easily towers all the other students and made their way between the crowds. The smaller Jihoon didn't have that advantage so it took longer for him to reach their table.<p>

Jeonghan and Wonwoo had already waited them at the table, stitting across each other. Mingyu took a spot next to Jeonghan. Jun sat next to Wonwoo and Jihoon next to him.

Jeonghan took turns to look at Mingyu and Jun and said in a playful tone, "You shouldn't have walked so fast and left poor Jihoon at the back. He could've drown in the crowd and get stepped on."

Jihoon glared at Jeonghan but it only made the long haired guy laugh.

"What? I was thinking of your safety. You could've got lost or squashed. Just like that time," said Jeonghan, still giggling.

Jihoon gritted his teeth while he kept shooting deadly glares to Jeonghan. He wondered how could someone who looks like an angel could act like a mischievous devil.

Jeonghan's looks is the perfect blend of masculine and feminim features. Delicate eyes and nose with strong face lines. Skinny neck with prominet adam's apple. Lanky body with broad shoulders. Plus that shiny skin and silky red hair running down below his shoulders. He's the eye candy (or _angel_, as they like to call him) for many female and male students here.

Jihoon was sure that everyone is wrong about him. No angel took a picture of a stranger who fell down on the street, just because he thought that the said stranger looked funny on the ground with an oversized red backpack.

"Jihoon and Jeonghan-hyung take care of our spot. We're getting the food," said Mingyu.

Mingyu and Jun immediately went to get their lunch. Wonwoo was getting out of his seat when Jihoon stopped him.

"Can you get me some puddings?"

For a while Wonwoo squinted his already small eyes, posing as if he

was deep in thought.

"I will if you call me hyung."

Jihoon rolled his eyes.

"Why not? You made Mingyu dropped the hyung even though you're older than him."

"Yeah, because we're on the same year here. Our real age difference doesn't matter."

"Exactly. I'm in my second year, which makes me your senior. Shouldn't you call me hyung even though we're the same age?"

"No. Never. Not a chance."

Wonwoo just shrugged and left, but when he got back with the two other boys, he had a pudding on his tray.

* * *

><p>Their lunch was ready and everyone quickly digged into their trays, but then Jeonghan suddenly yelped.<p>

"I forgot to tie my hair and I already tainted my hands with burger. Mingyu, tie me up, would you?"

Mingyu put down his chopsticks and reached for Jeonghan's jeans pocket, pulling out a black hairband.

"Why don't you just cut it?" said Jun while munching a paprika from his chicken and vegetable saute.

Jeonghan gave a "nah" and continued digging on his burger.

Jun turned to Jihoon. "You look like you need a haircut."

"What do you think, Wonwoo?"

"Hm? What?" Wonwoo looked slightly distracted and didn't catch Jun's question.

"Jihoon's hair."

"Oh yeah. He should cut it. His hairstyle looks like it's from the 90's or something."

Jihoon threw a glare towards Wonwoo and it earned some laugh from their table. Jihoon wondered why is he even friends with these people.

* * *

><p>"You know what Jihoon? Maybe Jun-hyung is right?" said Mingyu as they walked the grounds of their campus.<p>

"About that curry restaurant being a front of a mafia den? You know that's nonsense. He just watch too much movies."

"No, not that. About you getting a haircut."

Jihoon raised his eyebrows to Mingyu.

Mingyu quickly added, "I don't think your hair looks lame. It's just that it's getting kinda long and I kinda want to try and cut it... and maybe style it a bit?"

Jihoon just blinked. Mingyu is saying he wants to cut his hair?

"Fine. I'll go to the barber."

Mingyu couldn't hide the disappointment in his face. His emotions usually just shows in his face anyway.

Jihoon tried to ignore it, but the Mingyu started making those puppy eyes and Jihoon thought he was going to get crazy.

"Okay, fine. You can give me a cut."

With those words, Mingyu's face turned bright.

* * *

><p>Jihoon stared at his mirror. Mouth slightly gaping. He couldn't believe what he saw.<p>

It was himself at the mirror. But there's something foreign on the top of his head. Strands of bright pink.

Behind him, Mingyu was looking satisfied.

"Ooh, look at how the pink matches you!"

Jihoon's face made a twitch.

"So cute!"

Another twitch.

"Kim Mingyu..."

"Hm?" Mingyu finally noticed Jihoon's expression and made a sad face. "You don't like it?"

There was another twitch and a clang, followed immediately by a scream of pain.

* * *

><p>"Are you still mad?" said Mingyu from the table.<p>

Jihoon didn't answer. He just kept fiddling with the fry pan, stirring the rice inside. He was making some fried rice.

"But you said it was okay to color it..."

"You should've asked me first about the color before you do it!"

"I did! And you nodded!"

"I didn't nod! I was asleep!" hissed Jihoon.

Mingyu muttered a sorry and went silent. Jihoon sighed.

After the fried rice is ready, Jihoon brought it to the table. He passed a plate to Mingyu and gestured him to eat. Mingyu did it in silent, still with that sad face.

Jihoon sighed again.

"...It isn't that bad..."

Mingyu's eyes lit up in a split second. Jihoon couldn't help but smile watching it. Mingyu smiled too, happy and wide, baring his canines.

For a while they enjoyed their meal while chatting about school and random stuffs. Mingyu finished his meal first and waited until Jihoon finished his. As he was concentrating to finish the last of his meals, Jihoon stopped talking. Mingyu waited while fiddling with his spoon.

After his plate was clean, Jihoon said, "What?"

Mingyu looked at Jihoon with hesitation, but opened his mouth anyway.

"I was thinking if you could help me with something..."

Jihoon waited for Mingyu to continue.

"Could you write me a melody?"

"Melody? For what?"

"It's a gift."

"Why not just buy something?"

"No! I want this to be special... I need to express my feelings, so I'm writing the lyrics. But I can't write the song..."

Mingyu's eyes were shining as he talked. Smile never left his face and there's a blush of red on his cheeks. He has never looked more beautiful, and yet Jihoon felt irritated. Like there's something tugging his chest. Persistently.

"...Is it for someone you like?" Jihoon thought his voice sounded somehow distorted, but maybe it was just his mind playing tricks on him since Mingyu didn't seem to notice.

Mingyu answered by giving Jihoon his widest smile.

"Yeah."

Jihoon felt that tug turned into a sharp pain, slowly piercing his chest. The pain didn't go away for hours and even stayed until the next morning.

End
file.